



A Chronycle
with a Genealo
gy declaring that
the Birktons and
Wellsomen are li
nages descended
from Brute. Rich
ly and very witt
ely compy
led in 1565
167.



The p[re]face.

To the hyghe and moſte
excellente Prince Edward the
ſixte, Kyng of Englande, Fraunce
and Irelande, and in yea the the ſupreme
heade of the Church of Englande and
Irelande: Arthur Helton wyſe
Weth continuall peace, helpe
the of bodye, and proſ-
perous ſucceſſe.



In the worthy, prudent Sec-
retary
In thoſe daies, named
Danucius
Wrote volumes large, of
famous memory
Onely to prefer, and make
glorious

The name of his Lord, called Aurelius
Thinking it ſinne, rebuke and ſhame
Out of his booke, to ſeclude his name.

C Encolpius, even in like caſe
Preferred, Alexander Seuerus
Whiche in his tyme, ſo worthy was
The Romain Cato, with Titus Livius
Advaunced the name, of Ceſar Julius
Thus one after other, their time did apply
To that entent, good fame ſhuld not dy.

C Even ſo moſt mighty, and gracious prince
A, ii. Un:

The pꛛeface.

Under support of your benigne grace,
I myndyng cleuth, vtterly to conuince
As most vnwoꝛthy, folowyng their trace
Your redoubted father, in euery lyke case
For to aduaunce, my wittes will frame
With the most woꝛthiest, to set out his name

After shall intreate, of his magnificence
His lawes, statutes, his Ciuil ordinaunce
His mighty powre, his wonderfull pꝛudence
His iust iudgemētes, his rightfull gouernāce
Namely to speake of very true substance
His graces lawes, most godly deuised
Lately into Wales, to vs there commised

With a certayne true comparison
Whiche was most woꝛthiest, of Antiquitie
The Romaines, with their foundation
Either the Brytes, with their posteritie
And of their Cities, the soueraigntie
Which of them twayne, shuld other surmount
London oꝛ Rome, as after shall recount.

With an extract, oꝛ a Genealogy
Conueiꝑng his, and your most noble discent
As auncient Authoꝛs, putteth in memoꝛy
From the fyꝛst age, to this time pꝛesent
Accoꝛdyng to their myndes, & true iudgement
Who wrote the same, in time long paste
To that intent, it shuld indure and last.

Considering the high magnificence
Of your father, most clerely did shꝛyne

The p̄face.

Passing al other, in princely excellence
None to be compared befoze his tyme
Al men perceiue, your nature doth inclyne
To amplify the same, moze out at large
Surmounting the steps of your fathers stage

In whom consisteth, our confidence
Our hope, our trust, our consolation
Wherin nature, sheweth an euidence
Accordyng to our expectation
To folowe the same, by inclinacion
With your mother, most gracious Quene
Whose vertue plainc, in your face is sene.

Thus God of his deuine myght
Hath indued, your most noble maiestie
As appeareth to euery mannes syght
Whose incomperable dexteritie
In learnyng, haupng a soueraigntie
Passyng all other, by reporte of name
Consideryng your age, this is the same.

The procedynges, of your noble age
Doth vs encourage, your subiectes trewe
Well perceauyng, your vertuous courage
Most godly stories, for to insewe
Which doth insence: my hert doth renewe
To dedicate, this vnwozthy litell boke
Vnto your highnes, therebpon to loke.

Whiche was begon, in your fathers tyme
Vnto whose highnes, I minded the same
But death alas, his life did vprwyne

The p̄face.

Before I coulde my purpose well frame
Disuenting al thinges, but his worldly fame
Whiche may not passe, wither, nor yet decate
His famous report, indure Mal alway.

O ye infernal sisters of the darcke nighte
With Cerberus in Hel, as Doctes doth saie
Of all nobilitie, the quenchers of lighte
Whose crueltie, no wight can restrayne
Ye cut the thred, ye parte in twayne
The life of man, without respect
The poore ye spare, the noble reiecte.

Cursed be ye, ye doughters of Hell
Whiche are in number, counted but thre
Cloto, Lachesis, and Atropos the fell
Ye might haue spared, your crueltie
A littel tyme, of our felicitie
Till our king, most noble of corage
Had proceeded into moo yeares of age.

What I haue written in sentence playne
In laude or prayse, of your father dere
Unto your highnes, let it remayne
As though it did, to your grace appere
Written of your selfe, as matter clere
With no lesse zeale, obedience and loue
Then duetie may obserue, increase and moue

I do confesse, and this is trewe
If Lato the sage, or prudent Cully
With their fyled tonges, and sentence newe
Were here again his grace to magnify
As they

The p̄eface.

As they dyd the Romaines glorify
Yet shulde they not, as in this case
Worthely geue prayse, vnto his grace

All thynges remembred as of my parte
Most humbly desireth, your noble grace
With constant wyll, and faithfull heart
To pardon my boldenes, foly and trespase
Consideryng alway, as in this case
That euery trewe heart, inforced is
To rendze his loue, dуетie and seruice,

The ende of the p̄eface.

THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY
JOHN B. BOWEN
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I.
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THE HISTORY OF

The Chronicle of the

Byutes.



In the Golden tyme when
al thynges flourished
As it were, by deupne pro-
uidence
And that nature in manne
was stablished.
Hauyng reason, wisdome

and science

By gifte of the high magnificence
To vnderstand, determine and knowe
The Heauens aboue, and the earth alowe.

Then the wyse, sage and auncient
By great industry and diligent labour
By sobre respecte and great aduysment
Made lawes, statutes, with other good order
Man to stablysh, onely by fauoure
Them to conducte, safely to bryng
Unto knowledge, wisdome and learnyng.

Thus by politike moderacion
Without rigoure, or cruel ordinaunce
Prynces notable, of intencion
Hauyng poure and myghtye gouernaunce
Established lawes, by discrete purueyaunce
Onely theyr subiectes, to keepe in awe
Dreadyng God, and fearyng his lawe.

Such Prynces, kynges & famous Emperours
b. l. Of

A Chronicle

Of duetie ought to be magnified
Not onely as worthy Conqueroures
But as men with grace nutritied
Whose actes are worthy to be specified
Enrolled vp with golde pearle and stone
Registered in a booke, them selves alone.

Like as the Romaines wyse & circumspect
In tyme long past, their fame to aduance
All notable thynges, as in effecte
Made by statutes, or Ciuill ordynance
Registered was, for a remembraunce
Their Senate onely to magnify
By fam^r report, as thei thought the worthy:

The Romaines most commended Caesar
The Troians Hector the famous knyghte
The Percians, great Alexander
The Grekes Achilles, for manhode & myghte
The Carthagians, to maintain their righte
Affirmyng Hanniball, their lodesterre
Thus euery one, his tyme dyd preferre.

And we Arthur most worthiest of all
Dought to remember, in our fantasy
Passyng all other, in deedes marciall
Like Mars him selfe, shynyng in glory
In his triumphes, conquest and victorie
As the story of him dothe recounte
All other kinges in his tyme dyd surmount.

As that tyme is past, and worne out
This tyme present, we must put in bre

That

Of the Brutes.

That in time to come, there be no doubt
But that this time, that time may assure
For time once past, is without recure
Wherefore this time, let vs intende
The time to come, may this time comende.

Let the Romans, aduance these Cæsars
The Trojan Hector, their famous knyght
The Percean their great Alexander
The Greke Achilles, for strength & myght
The Carthagians, to maintain their ryghte
Onely preferring, their Hanniball
Yet haue we one, passing them all.

Whiche we ought of duety and reuerence
Most humbly, his grace to magnify
Salute in heart, worde and sentence
Somewhat of hym to exemplify
I meane our kyng, most famous Henry
Our naturall Lord, our supreme hed
Most renoumed, and most to be died.

Lyke as Cato, the prudent counseller
Wrote volumes large, of famous report
Bynces notable, onely to preferre
Among the Romaines, vertue to supporte
Whose example, is to our comfort
Following the same, vice to confounde
Thus of our dutie, surely are we bounde.

Wherefore I wyl my pen aduance
Whereto my selfe incline
With most dyligent attendaunce

A Chronicle

Directyng my style, this present tyme
In worde and sence, straight as a lyne
With Rome, Carthage, Thebes & other mo
As farre as the best, his fame to goo.

Lyke as Phebes, in the midday spere
His radiant beames, mooste pure and byghte
Illustrereth out, bothe freshe and cleare
Persyng the dewes, by force of might
Illuminyng all maner of syght
Comfortyng frutes, flowers earbes & grasse
So doth our king, al other kynges passe.

Iwold to Chyyst that my edicion
Accordyng to my iudgement
Myght take effecte, like my intencion
In thynges condyng worthy or equiuolent
Unto his grace, this tyme present
Then wolde I, the truthe declare
Which am inforced with termes rude & bare

Yet neuerthelesse, my inwarde desyre
Without any more loquacitee
Greatly I seke, as reason doth requyre
For to approue, his noble maiestie
Of all other kynges, to haue the soueraintee
As sonne and ayre, to lusty dame nature
Resemblyng her person shape and fygure.

Idare alledge, as in this case
That nature sought, tyme oportune
When she first formed, his noble grace
Onely by respecte, of gentell Fortune

Of the Brutes.

All other causes, for to continue
Assured to gether, by promise bounde
That in his parson, no faulte were founde.

Thus hath the nature, by great aduiscement
With circumspecte deliberacion
Full lyke a Goddesse, pure and excellent
Shewed her powre, and mighty operacion
Nothyng reseruyng, at his creacion
Whiche myght his nobilitie aduance
Unto his byrthe she gaue suche attendaunce,

With strength, beawtie, and semelynesse
She hath amplyfied his courage
Most renoumed, for gentlenesse
Therin he hath the so great aduantage
Passyng all other, his parentage
Thus by report, preferred is his name
Intituled in the booke, of worthy fame.

Gentlest of Gentyles, grace to recure
Like Alcibiades, that famous knyght
Of Athenes prince, their party to assure
So is his grace, most gentlest in syght
Whose inwarde respecte, iudgyng a ryght
A pryncce of nature, that gentle is
Of faythfull subiectes, can neuer myste.

Alcibiades
of Athenes.

For like as gentlenes, doth playne appere
Onely by naturall inclinacion
In countenaunce, in speache and cheare
So dothe the loue, and hearty affection
Exclude all maner of contencion

A Chronicle

Caufeth Subiectes, them selves to endeeue
Where gentlenes is, in loue to pfectue.

By his gentlenes, our wroges ar redressed
By his gentlenes, our loue made pardurable
By his gentlenes, the truth out expressed
Our heartes are made sure, and veritable
His gentlenes is so resemblable
That al thinges to him, he doth accumulate
Whiche to gentlenes is appropriate.

So that his grace, passeth all other
An euident thyng for to declare
There reigned, neuer suche another
His Subiectes to kepe, preferue and spare
Wherefore we may in this compare
All most one thyng, as in degree
His gentlenes, to mercyfull piete.

For that lande dominion or regiment
That hathe a prince, of gentell nature
God hathe promised, long stablishment
In loue together, they shall indure
Wherefore in this, let vs assure
Sith gentlenes cometh of gyft deuine
Let vs to gentlenes, our heartes incline.

Thus are we bounde, plainly to expresse
His gentlenesse, onely to discurre
conferuyng our wealth, and whole redresse
By his grace, lately put in vze
Of his lawes, nowe are we made sure
Among the mountaynes hilles and vales

Nowe

Of the Brites.

Now is it England, Sometime called Wales.

And further in this to reporte
According to his mercifull yowage
Our abusions onely to transpote
Hath deuised with his counsayl sage
Wales to conducte from all bondage
Briefely to conclude, this to vnderstand
Priviledged we ar, with the lawes of Englād

Like as Minos, that famous kyng
Somtime raignyng, in the land of Crete
Full renoumed for science and connyng
Founde out the lawes, most holsome & swete
Grounded on reason, with vertue replete
Ministryng them, as a iudge for all
Among his subiectes, by deedes equal.

Minos king
of Crete

Proudyng before, in his aduertence
None shoulde declyne, as in this case
For lacke of knowledge, and experience
So ready he was, their welthe to purchase
Thus of his liuyng, and bountifull grace
Preparyng in tyme, them to aduance
Onely by lawe, and Ciuil ordinaunce.

Though he wer a kyng, with scepter and
To execute right, nothig disdaind (croune
For all his fame, his princely renoume
In iudgement late, his domes vnfarnd
Loue nor hate, his person constrayned
But like the deserte, as then did appere

b.iii.

His

A Chronicle

His sentence gaue, with right princely there,

T Metamorphosios, there may ye se
Of Mines the princely gouernaunce
Also of Scille boyde of all pittie
Her father clewe with cruell vengeance
Onely of Minos, to haue acquaintaunce
And he agayne like a ryghtfull kyng
Gaue sentence plain, her dede condempning.

Foꝛ to aspyne and bryefely conclude
Our partie in this, fully to sustayne
Unto Minos with lyke similitude
Let vs aduaunce, our kyng and souerayne
In all thynges that dothe appertayne
Unto Justice, oꝛ good gouernaunce
By lawe, reason oꝛ Ciuill ordynaunce.

Was there euer yet, any prince liuyng
In Chronicle, story, oꝛ sentence playne
His noble grace, in this resembleng
Oꝛ common welthe, foꝛ to sustayne
Oꝛ foꝛ our sake, vndertoke suche payne
As dothe his grace, this present tyme
As to pꝛeserue from damnable cryme.

Howe far were we, out of oure way
Foꝛ lacke of Justice and good gouernaunce
Was there euer any, befoꝛe this day
Byng oꝛ pꝛynce, of suche remembraunce
As to instructe, by lawe oꝛ ordinaunce
Wherby we myght, our folp redresse
Till now his grace, the truthe to confesse.

Whiche

Of the Vices.

Whiche by study, and diligent labour
Most circumspectly, herein aduised
For to reforme, our olde behauiour
His gracions lawes, to vs hath commised
To the entent we shulde not be suppresed
By bondage inforced with crueltee
From olde customes, set vs at lybertee.

We must of force, the truthe confesse
We cannot well, our selues excuse
Our deedes playnely beareth witnessse
Of our folly and great abuse
Olde customes had, lothe to refuse
Surely at the fyrste, howe they began
Not pleasynge to God, nether yet to man.

For among al, some customes we had
Whiche befoze God were intollerable
As I suppose, all men beyng sadde
Will graunt it, trewe and veritable
A thyng vniuste false and flexable
Though some affirmed their customes sure
By Charter Riall, euer to indure.

Some Lordes no doute had great rialtie
Conserued by kinges, in times long past
In forest and Chace, hauyng libertie
But not their subiectes, to spoyle and waste
By colour of craft, such meanes to caste
Them to kepe in thraldome and bondage
Where they ought, no dewtie nor seruage.

Yet some there were, by way of exaction

A Chronicle

Under pretence, of suche rialtee
By craft, and subtile collusion
Onely to deceiue, the pozealtee
Affirmyng vnder suche libertee
All men to take, that there shoulde passe
Out of their way, to fine for their trespasse.

Th lacke that suche ingratitude
In mannes mynd shuld be comprehended
A pooze man, beyng destitute
Oute of his way, nothyng offended
The oppression, before intended
Compound they must, be it right or wronge
Or els inforced to some pryson stronge.

Suche was the custome, without defence
Playnely to yelde, or money to pay
Foly it was, to speake of indigence
For ready money, wolde then a way
(And further) come dothe report and say,
They must agre, and be at a poynt
As the foster wold, or els lose a toynte.

Worthy Edippus the famous yōg knight
Whiche was so lusty, and freshe of courage
So strong, so hardy, so full of myght
Had neuer so dyedfull, a passage
Nor in the lengthe of all his voyage
Founde none so monsterus a beast
In mountayne, wodde chace or forest.

Spyne the serpent whiche was so odible
So monsterus, so fearefull to see

Of the Brutes.

So fyerse, so cruell, and so terrible
Deuouring all thyng without pille
Was neuer so full of crueltie
Men for to spoyle, for silver or golde
in stoye founde, that euer was tolde.

This Edippus with full pure entent
Goyng towarde Thebes, that famous citie
Of aduentures met this cruell Serpent
Vppon the mountayne, called Phocie
Of his manfull, Magnamities
There he clewe this monstrous beast
Setting the countrey, and Thebes at rest

But our Edippus, refuge and Champion
Our comforte our ioye and hearties solace
Our noble, most famous of renoune
Our kyng most worthiest that euer was
Onely by prudence, hath brought to pas
A thousande hath clayne, as in effete
Whiche of suche cryme, by force wer detege.

Our mountains, our wodes, our chafes greet
From suche exactions, are made full playne
No raucnous prayes, now can they geate
They must of force, their fury restrayne
They may no longer, suche purpose attayne
There is no helpe for their refute
But leaue their custome, and olde pursute.

There shall no crafte, nor yet colusion
No fayned tales, no false pretence
No colour, deceipte, or adulation

A Chronicle

Be taken nowe for their defence
Lyke as they are, suche lyke recompence
So that the truthe shalbe defended
When the vniuste shalbe condempned.

Thathe not his grace, of his mere goodnes
Moste princely, our causes to renewe
Brought vs from all wrongfull dures
Suche abusions, onely to subdew
And further all offenders to pursewe
Thathe stablyshed vs by prudent purueiaunce
Them to chastise, for their misgouernaunce.

rules of
die or Es
te,

Hercules the strong, and pereles knyghte
Of whō the Poetes, so muche dothe faine
Had neuer moze vertue force or myght
Then hath our kyng, Lorde and Soueraygne
Yet dyd he wonderfull thinges attayne
In his conquest triumphes and victorie
As the stories of hym dothe specify.

Buciris Antheus and Gereon
Of Egipte, Libie, also of Spayne
All thye kynges by succession
Can witnessse this story playne
Diomed in Trece, as kyng did raygne
Lacus Nessus and Cerberus the great
Also the Lyon, and the Bulle of Crete.

Abcoz the Serpent, odious and blacke
Most outrageous wylde and sauage
The monsterus messe, of Archades lake
Devouryng all thynges in their rage

Hercu-

Of the Brutes.

Hercules with most knyghtly visage
Slew them all, suche was his grace
None might withstand, his knyghthod to deface.

These tirantes great, by odious cryme
Accused were, of thefte and robbery
Wynggng the countrey, vnto ruine
Splyng the people, of malice and enuy
Delityng in murder, and tyranny
Whiche caused Hercules, mangre these wyll
Them to betray, and after to kyll.

Here must ye note, marke this ryght well
As Diodorus, affirmeth it playne
Also Sainct Ierome, likewise doth tell
How that there were, Hercules twayne
Whiche were ryght noble, stozies be playne
But Hercules, named Egipcus
Was he that dyd, these dedes meruaylous.

Not Hercules, called Alcides
Whiche the Greekes, so highly do commend
Sonne of Iupiter, this is douteles
To whose powre he myght not extend
Who euer wyll the cause defend
Loke in the fifth boke, of Antiquities
Of Berosus, the Ethimologies.

As in a treatise, lately compyled
After my simple, and rude deuise
As auncient Authours, hath compyled
In time long past, right famous and wyse
Whiche to set forth, I did enterpryse
where

A Chronicle

Where ye may see, of these nobles twayn
For the comon welth, which toke most payn.

Of this Hercules, Called Egipcus
Came the notable, and famous lignage
Downe to Troy, and so to Brutus
Unto this day, with all the surplusage
To our most noble, ryall of courage
Henry the eyght, elect by grace & chynne
Of the same descent, Roocke blud and lyne.

Whiche onely now, for our redyffe
With like vygoure, and manfull myghte
As a kyng, of wysedome perelesse
Consideryng all thynges of ryght
Suche tyranny hath appealed out of syghte
By his royall powre, and heart most constant
As at this tyme, to vs is apparaunt.

Where are become, these tirauntes great
So insaciate, of their desyre
Whose ravin some tyme, no man could let
So enraged was, their mortall pye
Who durst deny, what they did requyre
To burne or spoyle, all was one thyng
Suche was their vse, custome and luyng.

The trewe man abrode, he might not pas
But must of force, with them compounde
Like as they wold, geue more or las
Or els they wolde, his wealth confounde
With some distres, to beate or wounde
His cattell steale, or goodes to spoile
Thus wolde the These, the true man defoule.

C. ye

Of the Brites.

If they were taken, as seldome was sene
They wolde alledge, for theyr defence
The Lord of the soyle myght them redeme
And of this rosaltee, with them dispance
Suche was their vse, and byle pterence
Paying therfore, their fine accustomed
From all daungier, to be franchysed

The partie nothyng herein suffysed
Must nedes of force, his wrong sustayne
Goddes people vterly despyed
The trewe man the losse, the thefe the gayne
Restitution none should they attayne
Fyue pounde and a peny, paid for the fyne
The thefe goeth quite, for fault and crime,

And yet alas, one custome we had
Whiche as I thinke, all grace dyd expell
I suppose neuer none halfe so bad
Engendred in the pitte of Hell
The pryce of a man, was knowen to well
Yf he were slayne, the paiment should be
Lyke as he was, in byrthe or degre,

A custome vnkynde, causer of distresse
Whose terrible plage, infecteth the Byre
Mannes lyfe with murdre, to repressse
Consideryng Christ, mannes colle to repayre
Became man, of a Wregyn fayre
Onely for loue, man to redeme
Alas that man, with murdre shuld be sene.

Murdre of trethe, is intollerable

Murdre

A Chronicle

Murdre before God, calleth for vengeance
Murdre to man, is abhominable
Murdre to nature, is a deflaunce
Murdre to lyfe, is a discontinuance
Murdre to grace, is playne a rebell
Murdre at the first, began sure in Hell.

This was our cōtrei brought in defame
Sclaundred and noysed, for our outrage
All trewe men of this reapoxted thame
God knoweth who had the pylage
The poore man, but small aduantage
The These his pleasure, on mountayn & hyl
Yf he had money, myght walke at his wyl.

Thus the claunder ranne far abrode
All most to our greate desolacion
As though we all had ben of one accorde
No diuersitee in their opinion
Suche was the rumoure and communicaciō
Nothyng reseruyng in their iudgement
Betwene a These and the Innocent.

And thus full ofte, we bare the blame
causeles, of truethe nothyng offended
Nor by consent, wo:thy of infame
Yet by repoxt we were suspended
As though we had, therto intended
Idelnesse was cause, as in effecte
Why we were had in suche respecte.

ici⁹ Sardas
pall.

Oh thou vicious Sardanipall
The beginnyng of flouthe and Idlenesse
whose

Of the Brutes.

Whose example all welth dooth appall
Delighting in synne and wretchednesse
With surfeites great, the body to oppresse
Whiche brought in thefte and robbery
Murder, riote, also aduoutry.

¶ Who list the story, to accompte
Shall well perceiue, in sloth and idlenesse
All other befoze the, thou didst surmounte
Thy vicious life, bereeth full witnesse
She was thy lady and chiefe maistresse
To whom thou didst, thy self abounde
Whiche was the cause thy person to cōfōūd

¶ For Arbachus, of vertues respecte
As a prince of excellent wisdomē
Did thee manace, chastice and correcte
For thy froward, abhominacion
Idlenesse was cause, and occacion
Why thou vicious Hardanapall
From thyne estate, had so greate a fall

Vertuous
Arbachu

¶ For like as vertuous businesse
Inuenteth thynges right laudable
So doth riote and idlenesse
Increase mischenes intolloyable
One thyng marke, whiche is veritable
Put idlenesse, clene out of vie
For custome all mooste, turneth to nature.

¶ Note where idlenesse, doth oft remayne
Fare well all vertuous businesse
For idlenesse, inflameth the brayne

c. i. And

A Chronicle

And byngeth in newe fanglenesse
Sequestereth the herte, from all goodnesse
And aldre last, note this for ever
God from man, it doth cleane deceiue.

Idlenes, caused our abusion
By idlenes, increased our infame
Till now of late, by politicke reason
Of our byng, moste gracious of name
Whiche hath brought vs into a new frame
So that we fele, by worldly busynesse
There commeth gayne, and moderat richesse

Thus hath our wise worthy Arbachus
Suppressed our foly and customes rude
Causyng our hertes, to be desirous
To folowe the sage, multitude
Idlenes vttely to exclude
Laboryng abrod, our fode to gete
Leuyng by our handes, and bodely sweate.

To digge and delue, to care and sowes
To graffe or plant, in rough or playne
On mountayns hie, or vales lowe
Little we force, for labor and payne
So that we maie, our welth attayne
Tenderyng so muche our busynesse
That we forget, the vice of idlenesse.

For where of truthe, with vs late past
Bothe corne and fruite, was scant and bare
Our countree boyde, laie halfe in wast
I dare allegz, and surely declare

Now

Of the Bzutes.

Now at this tyme we maie well spare
If there should chaunce, a tyme of nede
With coine and cattaille, our neighbors fede

And thus daily, we do preuaile
In our increase, bothe cattaille and coine
Thanks be to God, all is quoche qualle
The chaffe the wedes, a waie are thorne
Reuer so well, sens we wer bozne
Our countree made playne, and habitable
Whiche semed befoze, irrecurable.

And further, of his benyng grace
Through his moste mercifull assent
Our commune welth, for to purchase
Hath remitted, of pure intent
Two thousande markes, of yerely rent
Befoze paid, in siluer and golde
Taxed emong vs, of customes olde.

Yet hath our Troian, most mighty empe
Planted vs, with prudent Catons (coure
To be our president and gouernour
Associate with noble Scipious
With diuerse mo, of high discreffions
For to augment, our common weale
Graunted by comission, vnder his scale.

In sundery parties, for our redresse
As did some tyme, the noble senate
Consules prefectes, of greate sadnesse
Dictatours full famous, of estate
Decemvires, wisdome to approbate

A Chronicle

Trauersyng the countreys rounde aboute
Where suspecte persones, wer had mooste in-
(doubte.

To that intent, our ciuility
Wer not suppressed, for lacke of gouernance
Neither is inforced, by tyranny
But redused, to a Ciuile substance
Accordyng to the vse, and continuance
Of Englishe lawes, in tyme long past
Wherof we bee now, made sure and fast.

Thus charge vpon charge, daily doth in-
Unto his grace, in maner importable (sewe
Inuentyng lawes, and statutes newe
Gentill and softe, by meane trefable
To the intent, it should bee pardurable
Among vs for euer, this is the meane
Uncorrupted, to kepe vs pure and cleane.

Thus a kyng of vigilant respecte
Sheweth vnto vs, this constant loue
As a father, in this effecte
Tenderyng his childe, vice to remoue
Without rigoure, our foly doth reprove
Laryng not for treasure or expence
But to withdraue, the cause of our offence.

For to compare, and bryefe the tyme
Accompt all stories, that euer was
Inforce your self, thereto to inclyne
Rede where ye list, your tyme to pas
And ye shall not finde, that euer there was
A kyng of better remembrance

His

Of the Brutes.

His subiectes to kepe, pꛑserue and aduance,

CReken Cesar, with his triumphes all
Alexander, Hector, or Achilles
Edippus, or worthy Haniball
Minos the Judges, or greate Harcules
Or yet Arbachus, of knightthod pereles
Let theim come all, their vertue to declare
Yet shall thei not, with his grace compare.

For these princes, these conquerors great
Set their mynde, and full attendance
Countrees to subdewe, & kyngdoms to geate
Onely by strength and mightie puyssance
And come again, to take their chance
Jeopard their persones, to get theim a name
As beastes wilde, to make theim tame.

And thus thei wrought all by fantasy
As fortune list, the party assure
To win or lose, put in ieopardy
Hap as it would, all inaduenture
Goodes, landes, life, body and treasure
But those kynges, are moſte to be commended
Fro vicious life, their subiectes hath defended.

As our noble, and moſte famous kyng
Appoynted by grace, of the deite
Moſte circumspecte, in ouer lokyng
His subiectes to kepe, in a conformite
One lawe, one kyng, one deuinite
One faith, one hope, one crudicion
One mynde, one will, and one intencion.

A Chronicle

Neuer none like, accompt the tyme
Sens Bute, our first progenitoure
Borne by dissent, of right noble lyne
Beyng prince, kyng, and gouernoure
Unto our parentes, chiefe protectoure
Through whose manfull magnanymite
Thei wer deliuered, from olde captiuite.

As famous auctours, moſte ſeriously
With a ſincere oppoſicion
In tyme long paſt right willingly
By a loupng emulation
Onely for our, eriducion
Hath related, as after ſhall inſewe
More exactly, matter conſtaunt and trewe.

Some what herin, doubtles am I moued
For to expreſſe, my fantaſy
Not of impacience, muche greued
But that ſome, hath iudged wrongfully
As in reproche, of our country
Denying playne, moſte noble Bute
Our antecellor our ſtocke and our frute.

Alidorus. A booke of late, there was compiled
By Polidorus, in Italy borne
Nothyng to vs reconciled
But rather written, in hatred or ſcoyne
Yet ſhall we ſaie, if he had ſwoine
We Welſhmen, with hym ſhall compare
For olde antiquities, the truth to declare.

His ſlandrous ſtile, to exterminate
Reſect

Of the Brutes.

Refect, auoyde, and cleane put a waie
Whiche is so subtle, and intricate
Thynkyng therby, our fame to decase
None will so reposit, I dare well saie
Hauyng wit, reason or intelligence
Ether to iustice, myndyng aduertence.

Not contented, this to deny
But would of force, our name appall
Cleane to extinge, out of memory
As though we wer, reiectes of all
Knowyng not, our discent naturall
From whence we came, nor of what lyne
As to infame, this is his cryme.

We thinke of truth, to muche ye erre
In your reproche, spoke of disdain
Affirmyng plaine, in tyme of warre
We Welshemen, no honoz to attain
Nether yet in peace, trewe to remain
Your barbarous wordes, backe wth reboude
To your infame, all thynges wth sounde.

It is vnmete, a man of your age
Accompted sadde, wise and discrete
So violently abrode to rage
Matters to penne, whiche is vnmete
Wth wordes vntrew, with termes onswete
Or thynges deny whiche auctours olde
In tyme long past, bothe wrote and tolde.

Who shal but thinke, your sentence light
As thynges in vain, to none effeate

c.iii. Wordes

A Chronicle

Wordes of reproche, spoke again right
Whenne should abhorre, and cleane reiecte
To breue my tyme, this is the effecte
Your claunderous wordes, affirmeth plaine
To rise of ire, hatred or disdain.

If ye of force, will vs persewe
Onely through your ingratitude
Blame vs nothyng, your wordes excheue
Beware hurte not, a multitude
Lest some perchaunce, with sentence rude
Justely again, like your offence
Euen with the same, will you recompence.

We speake to you, Master Polidorus
Whose ingratitude, we greatly complain
Ye go aboute, to rase out the floures
Of our parentes, as thynges in vain
And yet of truth, ye cannot refrain
But generally, vs to accuse
No indifferency, herin ye vse.

We Welshemen saie for our defence
That ye Romayns, surmountyng in pride
With your Imperiall magnificence
Supposyng therby, the heuens to deuide
Came long after, our noble tribe
So that we maie, write of your estate
Not ye of vs, ye came all to late.

How should ye knowe, our antecessours
Our stocke, our line, our progeny
Our moste mightie conquerours

Hithe

Of the Brutes.

Sithe ye bee of muche lesse memory
Wrytyng nothyng, almoſte plainly
But what doth rebounde, to your eſtate
Magnifyng the pompe, of your Senate.

By cauſe your audoure, Titus Liuius
Of noble Brute, maketh no mencion
Beyng perchaunce, ſomewhat obliuius
D^r knewe not, of that ſucceſſion
Therefore ye make no diſcription
But onely of your kynges of Italie
Whiche reigned there, ſucceſſiuely.

As appereth, by ſtorie euident
Called Fasciculus Temporum
Where litle is, to vs pertinent
But to the fiſt, of your ſucceſſion
Hauyng the regall poſſeſſion
Breyely doth paſſe, all other thynges
Onely doth wryte, but of a fewe kynges.

Though he forgate, this noble prince
D^r liſted not, his fame to conuaie
Yet ſhall he not his name conuince
Nor this his honoz, to pulle awaie
Fasciculus Temporum, plainly doth ſaie
That Brute beganne, fiſt to excell
Whē Heli was prieſte, and Iudge of Iſrael

Holy Euſebius, doth teſtifie
Alſo ſaīct Bede, maketh mencion
That noble Brute of the age, fiue and thirty
Entered fiſt into this region

c. v.

Whiche

A Chronicle

Whiche was before Chyistes incarnacion
A thousand. i. L. twenty and twayne
And after Troye. xliii. yeres playne

T Galfri dus affirmeth assuredly
That noble Brute, in his yeres grene
Like Barce for strength, feare and hardy.
In Grece moſte princely was ſene
Wan there crowne, ceptre and diademe
From Panderus, of Achilles blud
His woughter, his treaſure, with all his gud.

And further the Grekes to deface
That date he did, the felde recure
Moſte princely, met them in the face
Whoſe knightly ſtrokes, thei might not ſne
A mylde he bare, the felde of aſure (dure
Whree crowns of gold, ſumteouſly wrought
A Lion ſette, on his helmet a loſte.

Alſo Gydo, de Collumpnia
Doth verifie, this to be trewe
That he did honoꝝ the goddes Diana
Paſſyng the ſeas, fortune to inſewe
Where he had anſwere, his iopes to renewe
Feyng right yong, ſhould ſuply the place
With ſcepter & crowne, his enemies to inchaſe.

Ranulphus, a manne of perfeccion
Writeth right playne, as in this caſe
How noble Brute, within this region
Landed fiſt, by a ſpeciall grace
Predeſtinate before, was that place

Of the Brutes.

As Diana the mightie Goddes
Had promised, namyng it Cornesse,

Also the Floure, of histories
Named Peter Paduauiences
With many noble wryters
Alloweth the verie same sences
To muche of truthe, are their offences
Whiche will alone, suche thynges deny
That auctours olde, do wryte and verify.

Marinus super Cronicas
Vriopius, and Sabellicus
Affirmeth playne, how all thyng was
In the tyme of Hyenne and Belenus
Of the discent, of noble Brutus
How thei entered, first into Italie
Hauyng at Rome gates, a noble victorie,

This stozy to amplifie and augment
The sixt yere of Artaxarces the kyng
As Iacobus Phillippus doth assent
Ouer the Persians, that tyme reigntyng
These princes.ii. with standerdes displaynyng
As brother with brother, of one minde & affect
Against you Romans, with hert most veruēt

Had a battaill strong, as is exprested
Where your Senate, Tribunes & Dictatozs
By knightly force, wer clene oppressed
Your Pretours, Consules and gouernoys
Your lusty manfull, young soldioys
Your valiant knightes, in stele armed bright
All

A Chronicle

All wer taken, slain or put to flight.

TYe cannot well, these autours deny
For all your vain mentacion
Your citie spoiled, all went a wy
Make therof a true declaracion
Ye wer right faine, by composicion
A peace to take, this is no naie
Eis to yelde bp, or sone flie awaie.

T Noble Arthur the famous Brute
Of the same line, and true succession
Whiche by his conquest, and princely pursute
Vanquished full many a region
Sonnc of Uter, called Pendragon
Chronicles, plainly doth it specify
Yet ye Romaines, this prince will deny

Loke in Fasciculus Temporum
The tyme of Bisshoppe, Hilarius
In lina Christi, accomptyng the sum
Foure hundred sixty & foure, truly to discus
Then flourished Arthur, that was victorious
With his owne hande, in one daie he clewe
Foure hundred & sixty, if that story be true.

Also beholde Policronicon
The .xiii. Chapiter, the seventh boke
There maie ye se, by plain discription
The yere of our Lorde, who list to loke
A .xi hundred foure score, his body bp toke
Translated into Glastinbury
By the famous kyng, the second Henry.

In

Of the Brutes.

In the thirtie yere, or there aboute
Of our Soueraigne, kyng Henry theight
Ye blinded Romans, to put out of doubt
The cause made plain, perfect and streight
A crosse was founde, of full greate waight
In Glasterbury, with letters of golde
Grauen full depe, with this sentence olde.

There lieth Arthur, the worthy kyng
Depe in the grounde, his body to hide
Sometyme in Britaine, famously reigntyng
God of his mercie, for hym prouide
His colle vnto rest, to be his guide
For a more concordance of pearthly fame
For euermore, florisse mought his name.

But ye Romans so full of pride
Will in nowise, to this assent
In couerture, all thynges to hide
Of ambition, and froward intent
In all your stories, this is full ment
Nothyng to touche, or matter to frame
Whiche should rebounde, to your rebuke or
(Name

Youre olde enmitte, rancor and debate
Will not permit, the Brutes to aduaunce
By cause your noble Imperiall estate
By them was brought, vnto vtteraunce
At your hard walles, suche was your chaunce
The honor ye lost, your knightes maly slain
By princes notable, kynges of Britain.

For Name a wake, beginne of newe
Recant

A Chronicle

To Master Recante your farned fantasie
Solidorus. Confesse your faulte, all is vntrewe
Make some excuse, with honestie
Affirme the slepe, was in your iye
Feble with watche, heuy was your hed
Ye wist not well, what ye wrote or said.

And thus make ye, your self excuse
Referryng it, vnto ignorance
Your old errors, clene to refuse
Resiering playne, as matter insubstance
All that ye did, was of inconstance
Affeccion moued so muche your intent
For to write trewe, ye could not assent.

Si the ye so largely, in your pretence
Here tofore, haue vs frequented
In amplifying your cruell insence
Again vs moste fraudently inuented
Though herin my spirittes be incensed
You to requite, in writyng so large
Take it a worth, myne is the charge.

For he that will, causes procure
Or it inuent, thynges of defame
He make well iudge, beyng right sure
Men will requite hym, euen with the same
Likewise again, in boorde or in game
As the cause is, seke out the grounde
Slandered report, clene to confounde

Ye are vnerisabl, in your repozte
Inshamefast, auctours to deny

And

Of the Brutes.

And we very lothe, for to suppozte
Fables vntrewe, to inuent a lye
Let Boccas by iudge, if ye will apply
Whiche of vs twaine, moſte haue offended
Or in this caſe, wortheiſt to be commended.

Where ye alledge, and vs accuſe
That we in battaill, are feble and faint
No feres of armes that we can uſe
But muſt of force, of very constraint
Intreate of peace, as cowardes attaint
Your ſlandered repozte, to your infame
Shall euer increaſe, in hinderyng your name

I will appeale, as in this caſe
Recozde to take, of Titus Liuius
Let hym verify, how all thynges was
In the tyme of noble Camillus
Dictatour of Rome with famous Lucius
Conſuls electe, as for that yere
With Emilius, the ſtozy is full clere.

Entropius an auctoure full true
Likewiſe plainly, doth deſpyne
As in the ſtozy, before doth inſewe
The famous Brutes, as in their tyme
Beyng of diſcente, bloud birthe and lyne
Of noble Brute, their fury to withſtande.
Rome incloſed, with moſte mighty Englaunde

If ye liſt by clere, computation
Plainly to knowe, the yeres and the tyme
How long it was, after Romes foundation
Thre

A Chronicle

Three hundred thre score puttyng therto nyne
The first fall, the wofull rupne
Of Rome that euer, I did of rede
Neuer before, standyng in such feare & dree

O ye Romans, full of presumption
Remembre your birthe, stocke, and your line
And of your citee, the first foundation
Accomptyng Amilius your parentyne
With Rea his sister, the feminyne
And Aldre last, truly to discus
The two brythren, Remus and Romulus;

Ye beganne with robbery and pilage
And we by marciall discipline
Ye froward of birthe, bloud and linage
And we right noble, famous of line
Accompt bothe male, and feminyne
Ye in fayned, fables to inewe
And we in forced, to stoies trewe.

Thynge grounded on wrong maie not
Scripture therof, maketh mencion (indure
An euill beginnyng, who maie assure
Therof to make, a good foundation
For where nothyng is, but fraude & treason
Murdre riote, with foule aduoutry
The ende must nedes, be full of misery.

Though fortune fauor, a tyme to aduāce
In her assence, climyng a losse
With a pretence, of faire countenance
As hath been proued, in tymes full ofte

In

Of the Brutes.

In her returne, falling vnsofte
She hath agayne, with frownyng there
Ducked the weather, befoze pure and clere:

¶ Where ar nowe, your famous Emperors
Your triumphant knightes, stately ridyng
Your notable wise Senatoures
Your Consulers, your Little guidyng
Your pcesectes Dictatours, clerely wining
Are they not consumed, frustrate and gone
And ye from fauoure, almost left alonce

¶ Your noble Marcke called Aurelius
Which was of Rome, the famous Emperoz **Marcus Aurelius**
Cryng out, with voice most piteous
Curlyng the tyme, the day and houre
When Rome beganne, first for to flowze
Triumphyng in pompe, also in pride
Which caused vertue, from Rome to deuide.

¶ Did not he also, piteously complayne
Sayng of truthe, Rome shal be cofounded
Of very Justice, the Goddes cannot refrain
But of equitie, must be condemned
For like he said, as Rome was commended
Aboue all other, most worthiest of name
The time shall come, of reproche and shame.

¶ It must procede, by iustfull sentence
Consideryng al thynges of ryght
Where oppression is done by violence
It may not indure, by force of myght
Example good, to every wight

A Chronicle

Beholde ye Romans, this present tyme
Are ye not almost, brought vnto ruine.

Remus and
Romulus

Consider well, your first begynnyng
Of Remus and Romulus, brother & brother
An accident, of very euill liuyng
If ye note well, Rea their mother
Sacred to Vesta, it was no other
Professed there, onely to Chastitee
Her lyfe durynge, to liue in virginitee.

The Temple by her, defiled was
The story playne, beareth full witnesse
And she againe, for her trespassse
By her brother, cruell and merciles
Woode of all succoure, beyng remediles
Died in prison, recure was there none
Her chyldren sole, left alone.

Their father not known, for birth or linage
Fostered they were, without al reuerence
Of a shee Wolfe, full wilde and sauage
The chyldren froward, cruell of coage
Of very hatred, ire and disdayne
The elder brother, the yonger hath clayne.

Lyke as their vncle, named Enilius
His brother clewe, with fraude and treason
So in like case, most cruell Romulus
Against all kynd, and naturall reason
His brother clewe, for his possession
Thus of Rome, was the Antiquitie
Murder vpon murder, voyde of all pitty.

The

Of the Brutes.

Remember Rome, thy olde abusyon
Thy infamed, and cursed gouernance
Thy tyranny, and false extorcion
Thy great adulterie, and foule dalliance
May these together, al in one balauce
And thou shalt not fynd, any rightfull sentence
Against the Brutes, to geue euidence.

Who began fyrst, the Ciuill warres
Discord, discencion, trouble and stryffe
The proud Romans, surmounting the sterres
Whiche was the losse, of many mannes life
Marius & Sulla, began the myschefe
Foure thousand lay deade and clayne
Six hundred knyghtes, the story is playne

Marius
and Sulla.

Aske wyse most dyedefull and piteous
For to reherse, the woful destruction
Betwene Pompey, and Cesar Julius
Thre hundred M. brought to confusion
Murdered & slain, through false abusyon
Thus of the Romans, was þe gouernaunce
Let Boccas be iudge, of al their mischaunce.

Cesar Ju
lius Pom
peius.

Who were the cruell, persecutours
Who subplanted, Chrystes religion
Who were the false, conspiratours
Who were the traytours, to euery region
Who, wrought fraud, who wrought treaso
Who slewe the Appostles, Peter and Pauls
Who martyred, all most the sainctes all.

Who inuented, false conspiracie

d.ii.

Who

A Chronicle

R Scipions

R

Who oppressed, the poze Innocent
Who clewe the worthy, Scipions thye
Oh cursed people, without al reuerence
Who conspired against the magnificence
Of Caesar, most mightiest of estate
By treason claime, among your Senate,

Oh cruell Rome, confesse thy outrage
Thy shameful murdre, thy foule abusyon
Try out and cōplaine, with al thy surplusage
Alacke alacke, through false contradiction
In the was slayne, by cruell treason
The lantern the light, the prince of eloquence
Among you Romaines, most of excellence.

Tully

Of Rethorique, the famous oratour
In his daies, called sage Tullye
Chosen to be a gouernoure
Your common weale, onely to guyde
By meane of knighthode, also of Cleargy
Defended you, from proude Cataline
Which wold haue brought your citieto ruine

With all his false conspiratours
Which to his treason, were fully consented
Punished those rebelles, and traitours
By prison strong, their bodies turmented
By force wherof, the commons assented
The prison to call, after his owne name
Tullian, the moze to encrease his fame

What shuld I say, of your treasons all
To amplify them, and set them at large

In

Of the Bzutes.

In murther and riote, like fendes infernall
So monstrous ye are, of mind and corage
Of customes olde, as beastes full savage
Innocentes to kill, vertue to confound
Of all sorowes, the rote and the ground

Fourtene Emperours, in stories I fynde
One after other, there did insewe
To Chyistes faith, cruell and unhynde
Innocent bloud, causelesse to purswe
Onely twayne, no mo was founde trewe
All the rest, as tirantes inflamed
Woldin no wile, Chyist to be named.

Recorde I take, of that cursed man
To God alway, founde contrarius
Called in his day, cruell Valerian
Woide of all fauoure, most impiteous
Of Emperoures all, none more ungracious
Against Chyistes faith, of mind and will
By persecucion, his sainctes to hyl.

Valerian

But god of his grace, his power to wdrawe
Caused Sapor that time kyng of Perce
For all his froward, and cursed lawe
His imperiall powre, cone to successe
Toke him prisoner, in middes of the Prece
Made a fote stoole, of his cursed Loze
When euer he lyst, to mount on his Horse.

Sapor

Likewise the tiraunt, named Domician
Proudest of all, reckon any one
Persecuted many a Chyistian man

Domician

A Chronicle

Into Pathmos, exiled Sainct Iohn
Thought him selfe, most worthiest alone
In his estate, proudly vp stalled
A God abode, for to be called.

Made a decree, of very presumption
In paine of death, no man to deny
But God aboue, knowing his intencion
To punish his pride, in his owne army
Caused his knightes, to wounde his body
With vnware death, the story to expresse
Denied of buriall, was his Carcasse.

Maxence Most cruell inflamed Maxence
Likewyle our Faith, he did pursue
Causeles with most cruell violence
Hauyng no respecte, to Christ Iesu
Slayne as a traytour, to God vntrewe
Of very disdayne, his life once past
His cursed troncke, into Tybze was cast.

Galerius Galerius falseste of assent
Against Christes Faith, sought occasion
Them to destroy, by furious iudgement
Whiche was at length, to his confusion
With sicknesse take, thus in conclusion
The fyre corrupted, gan to putrify
Onely by stincke, of his carren body

Valence. Also valence, the prowes Emperour
Whiche in his rage, was so mercylese
Against Hermites, them to deuoure
Liuyng in desert, and wildernesse

Shewe

Of the Brutes.

Slawe them all of very wilfulnesse
Consumed he was, by brennyng of fyre
By the Gootes, which his death dyd conspire

Most cursed of all, that I rehearse can
Among all your false conspiratours
Was your Emperour, named Julian
Whiche wrought by crafty inuencions
Called spytes, by his Coniurations
Did them worship, by way of sacrifice
Unto God most hatefull, in such maner wise

Julian J.
posita.

With them he had, suche conuersacion
That they to hym, were fauourable
For his Ceremonies, and false oblacion
Promysing him, to be veritable
That he shoulde passe, in deedes honorable
Great Alexander, in triumphant victorie
As in excelleng, his state and glorie.

Thus fell he into fained fantasy
Cruslyng to Pluto, the God infernall
But then the Lord most mighty
Disdained his pryde, Imperiall
Send vnto him a knyght Immortall
Most Angelicke, in stele armed bryght
Roue hym to the hearte in his most myght.

Among all other, that I can rede
Most vicious, and odious to heare
Was cursed Nero, without feare or drede
Whose shamful ropp, plainly doth appere
Conspyre it well: ye Romans drawe nere

Niclus
Nero.

A Chronicle

Suche do ye foster, nurrishe vp and bring
Hatefull to God, most fro ward in living

Who was moze vicious of nature
By constraint of his disposicion
Who was moze vnure, grace to recouer
Then was Nero, by inclination
Moze prouder of port, with fraude & treason
His wife his brother, causelesse he clewe
No matter of right, them to pursue.

This story right sore, doth him accuse
With his mother called Agripine
Like a ribauld her body shuld misuse
In carnal knowlage, filchy as a swine
And further playnely to despyne
His mothers wombe, he coue vpon a day
To se the place, nine monethes where he lay.

This proud tirant, vnfortunate man
Morall Senece, causeles he clewe
Which was his maister when he began
Virgins profess, he dyd pursue
Beyng right chaste, stedfast and true
His Lecherus lust, onely to fulfill
Rauished them of force, against their will

Peter and
Paule

Yet mozeouer, this fend infernall
Against Christs faith, most dispiteous
Slewe the Apostles, Peter and Paule
For which vengeance, & deedes most lecherus
God gaue him ouer, as man vngacious
With a dagger, roue him selfe vnto the heere
Died

Of the Brites.

Died for payne, anguise and deadly smarte.

Thus God of his righte, tirātes can chastyce
Which will rebell, against pope innocencie
Them to murdye, and will not aduertise
In Christ to haue, trewe confidence
They must of force, without assistance
Remayne with Cerberus, the Hell hound
Linked with Cātalus in chaines fast bound.

Of our Emperours, a ful great number
I coude recite froward of courage
Christes faith, causeles to incumber
I will let pas, all the surplusage
No more to speake, of fraude and pyllage.
Neither murdye, treason, with their infame
Set them together, with rebuke and shame.

Can ye deny, but this is trewe
Why do ye then, vs Brites accuse
We are right lothe, our faulkes to renue
But lithe ye causeles, do vs misuse
As in report, ye cannot refuse
Grosse is his witte, worthy of infame
That will not defend, his countrey & name,

If ye loke well, and iudge a ryght
Ye ought not vs, Welshmen to disdain
Sith we with all our force and might
Your holy men did entertayne
From your exile, and cruell payne
When that they durst, no where abyde
For their refuge, we did prouide.

d.v.

¶ For

A Chronicle

For in the time, of your great outrage
When no man myght, your malice intreate
So wilfull were ye, of minde and roage
Christ and his lawes, sone to foiget
His electe to hyl, malice and threate
Of very constraint, inforced to flee
So cruell and merciles, that time were ye.

Helpe o; redresse, none could they finde
Their carefull life, for to assure
Their inspyred heartes, their constant minde
Inforced were, lacke of recure
To seke abroad, their harde aduventure
Where that they might, with pure intent
Christes religion for to augment.

Then into Wales, they dyd approche
Through Goddes prouidence, his myght to
Under many a strong mighty roche (thence
Builded their Chappels, in desertes lowe
In sondry places, as men doth knowe
As at this day, plainly doth appere
The places olde, euident and clere.

This is no fayned inuencion
Neither yet no curious fable
Who lyst to loke, without suspicion
Shall fynde it true, and veritable
Written by fathers, honorable
For a more concordant of Godly fame
Our Churches at this day, beareth their name

Loke vp your itozes, and sentence olde
Accomp

Of the Brites.

Accountyng the tyme, yeares and season
I dare asseure, Beyng so bolde
To make herein, a comparison
With any Christen religion
For lengthe of time, bearyng good name
Concernyng our fayth, for any infame

CA thousand. CCC. fowre score & twayne
Sithen it flozished, fyrst with vs
In the time of many a proude Romayne
Martered was holy Eulenterius
In whose tyme raigned Lucius
In Britaigne, the famous region
Then entered forth Christes religion

This was in the yere of our Lorde
An hundred six and fiftye playne
After his byrthe, stories doth accord
Sithin the saythe, came fyrst into Britaygne
Among vs Brites there to remayne
As at this day, ye may well see
Neuer accused, of Infidelite

What place so constant, sure and stable
As at that tyme, myght there be founde
Like vnto Wales, none so veritable
No tyranny with vs, there did abounde
The faith remayned, full hole and sounde
Accordyng to Christes religion
Without spot or gall, of infection.

To what place shuld they haue resorted
To haue had redycse, in this misery

A Chronicle

Or where shuld they haue ben supported
Neither in Rome, neither in Italy
Neither in Spaine, Fraunce, or Germany
Wise to conclude, this is manifest
From the Sonne risynge, doune to the Weste.

Dioclesian
Maximian

Such tirantes that time had the gouernaunce
That no man durste Christ to confesse
Dispyled his lawes, and in that instance
In .xxx. daies, as Scripture doth witnesse
Twenty thousand clayne this is doutlesse
By Dioclesian, raigning in the East
And Maximian, do wne in the west.

Who euer harde, of suche a sorte
So vngacious, and so vntrewe
As were the Romaynes, in their report
To blasphemie our Lord, Christ Iesu
Affirmyng plaine, this to be trewe
That Rome neuer ioyously prospered
Sith in the faith, among them entered

Arcadius
Honorius

Loke in the time, of Arcadius
There may ye se, their false opinion
Beyng Emperour, with Honorius
Unto their Idolles haupng affection
As Caiet Austine, maketh relacion
In his boke called Ciuitate Dei
Where he confoundeth, their false heresy.

My hand quaketh, for fere and drede
My heart of truthe, beginneth to shrink
When I beholde, this story to rede

The

Of the Brytes.

The teares weate, distilleth my sneke
Oh Lorde, to remember and thinke
The crueltie, mischefe, and endles paine
Among the Romaines, that time did raigne

Who shuld but mozne, lament and wepe
Considering all thynges of ryghte
The vertuous with grace then replete
But in exile, cleane out of syght
The tirauntes great, by force of myght
Persecuted the innocent bloudde
Thus with the Romaines, that time it stode.

To bryefe my sentence, the truthe to tel
With vs in Wales, none were opprest
No tirauntes great, with vs did dwelle
There was the place, of peace and rest
Christ and his lawes, for to degest
None durst approche, that to deny
Agayne our faithe, once to reply.

How may ye then, with vs compare
Or why do ye, Welshmen defame
Let your owne stoxes, the truthe declare
Ye are defectiue, euen in the same
As in reproche, worthy of blame
Innocentes, gyltlesse to accuse
In that your selfe, most dothe abuse.

Of your nobles, and Emperours all
With Constantine, make no comparison
For his magnificence Imperiall
Borne in Brytayn, that famous region

A Chronicle

He was the fyrste, of hearty affection
That dyd decree, al men to dye
Christ and his lawes that wolde denye.

¶ Unto the Church, for Christes sake
Excelled all other, befoze his time
The Romayne Temples, newly did make
Dedicated them by sentence deuine
To the honor of God, and the orders nyne
With most mere and pure deuotion
Gave to the Church, the fyrst possession

¶ To that intent, from all indigence
The ministers, shuld stande at reste
God for to serue, with due reuerence
All worldly thoughtes to be repress
Vertue to increace, this is manifest
All solitary, there for to abyde
For the loue of Christ, this did he prouide.

Gave goodes & treasure with ornaments large
Amplifyde all thynges, with great expence
Made a decree, and gaue in charge
That all men shuld, with due reuerence
To Christes crosse, kepe his obedience
And was the fyrst, in Banner and Shylde
Crosses to peynt, that bare in feilde.

¶ Oh most famous Coustantine
To whom no Romayne might attayne
Whose goodnesse the worlde did inlumine
Borne in England, then called Brytayne
Sonne of S. Helen, the story is playne

From

Of the Brutes.

From Troy linially, downe descended
In Christs Church, most to be commended.

But now a lacke, all is reuerfed
Onely through fayned perfection
For doubtes, vertue was repressed
When Constantine, first of affection
To Peters Church, gaue such possession
Then obedience, beganne to rebell
Whiche caused pride, humilitie to expell

O Rome Rome, chāge thi loss, remoue thy
Barre & bare, fruteles is thy ground (place The bish
of Rome)
Yet vnto this day, for lacke of grace
Littell vertue, in the there doth abound
I dare alledge, this world so rounde
May not suffice, this present houre
So satisfie thy head and gouernoure

The cruell Emperours, by force of warre
Myght neuer, suche ryches attayne
Kingdomes to spoile, countreys to marre
As at this time the cause is playne
With so smal trauayl, and so great gayne
Suche Policie there is inuented
By seale and wax, and parchment indented

Solles for to saue, ded gone and past
But God alone no wight can tell
Whether they be free, or in payne caste
In Paradise, Heauen, or in Hell
Yet for money, those solles wil they sell
By autoritie of Peter and Paule

Pardon

A Chronicle

Pardon forgeue, and release them all

Thus Lord thy might, thei wold withdraw
To whom mercy, onely doth appertaigne
As though they might, in heuen make a lawe
At their pleasure, folles to detayne
Some to release, and some to remayne
Like as they wolde, for mede or hyre
Some to acquite, some leaue in the fire.

tes. lxxx.

Oh Lorde aboue, a damnable offence
Among thy people, suche errours to bring
Against all trowthe, and godly reuerence
To haue a trust, in any other thyng
There is no helpe, no other meanyng
Let this in our heartes, fast be graued
Onely by Chrystes blud, our folles are caued.

And yet (O Lord) how farre do they erre
Thy maiesty is all full of mercy
No sinner doutles, wilt thou debarre
Being penitent, contrite and sorry
These couetous heades, cleane contrary
The pooze colle, wrapped in woo and payne
Without moncy, shal lie still and complaine.

What Charitee herein is extended
When two folles in paine, lieth together
Perchance both in one case haue offended
The one for money, his ioye shal recouer
The other for lacke, shal lye still for euer
Suche is their Charitee, in time of nede
Their wordly pompe, to set forth and fede.

¶

Of the Brutes.

If cruell Nero, had now afrende
That would disbource, and pase at large
So to compounde, and make an ende
For all his synnes, and fell outrage
I thinke his Collic might walke at large
Considering pardons, are so plentie
By meane wherof, hel is emptie.

Oh Lorde God, what wondrefull pride
Is it on yearth, goddes to be called
Equall with thy grace, Colles to deuide
As though thei wer, in heuen stalled
Thy enemies Lorde, thei mase be called
Whiche will thy people, suche errors byng
For their profite, our Colles deceuyng

Is there any other, maner of meane
Then in the bloud, of Christ Iesus
The immaculate labe, moſte pure and cleane
The sonne of God, whiche doth forgeue vs
If we knowledg, our deedes vicious
Christ it is, that geueth remission
By the mercie, of his blessed passion.

The Apostle blessed Sainſt Peter
Nether yet inspired holy Sainſt Paull
The very trewe, and ſincere preacher
Euer pardoned any Collic at all
The ſpirite once paſt, the body moſtall
That onely to God, reſerued is
His deuſine power, conſiſteth in this.

O glorious God, how muche are we bound
e.i. Unto

A Chronicle

Unto thy deuine maiestie
These errors greate for to confounde
Quoydng the danger, of this infirmite
In the tyme, of our necessite
Like as sometyme, surely it befell
Unto thy elect, of Israell.

¶ Whiche so tenderly, hast cared for vs
That nothing mought be, for our saluation
But by thy pitie, moste glorious
Thou hast of thy godly affection
Prepared the same, for our redemption
As in the olde lawe, apereth full well
By Iosia, then kyng of Israell.

¶ For when thy lawes, wer cleue suppressed
By the space of many hundred yeres
By Iosia again wer redressed
Dedicated to thy heuenly speres
Abholished their frounyng cheres
In worshipping their false Idolatry
Thy glorious name, newly to magnify.

¶ By reason wherof, this prince deserued
A name of renowne, to hym most excellent
By thy grace Lorde, onely reserued
Whiche to his name, shalbe permanent
Neuer none to hym, equiuiolent
Reignyng as kyng ouer Israell
Lorde vnto thee, this is knowne right well

¶ Do in likewise, moste mercifull Lorde
This present houre, of thy tender loue

The

Of the Bzutes.

Thy olde mercie, newly to recozde
Our princes herte, inwardly doth moue
Suche abusions, to relese and reprous
Thy lawes, Lorde, long out of remembzance
Are now reduced, to thy godly ordinance.

By our moste noble, Henry theight
Through thy incomperable goodnesse
All thynges Lorde, is made pure and streight
Abholished is all wickednesse
In especiall Lorde, this is doubtlesse
The power of Rome, so long misused
Our kyng hath now viterly confused.

Now to retorne, where I began
So to conclude, and brieife my stile
Berwene the Bzute, and the Roman
No termes to seke, my tong to fyle
No matter more, now to compile
The tyme to tracte, do I intende
But close vp my booke, and make an ende,

But first to you, master Polidorus
Your conscience, onely to discharge
Whiche of long tyme, hath been obliuious
Against vs Bzutes, in wrytyng so large
Your spirites incensed, all in a rage
By your pporste, vs to infame
Your pen to rashe, your termes out of frame

Where is become, your bounden deutie
Our antecessours, this to deface
Sith it pleaseth, the high Maiestie

A Chronicle

Of our moste noble, the kynges good grace.
Not to disdain, as in this case
To be compted, of the same stocke and lyne
Downe by dissent, to this present tyme.

Who wer more worthy, then wer these thre
Hercules, Hector, and Arthur the kyng
For their princely Magnanimitee
Was neuer none, to them resembling
In bodely strength, all other surmountyng
Lions, Dragons, monstrous and wild
By manly constraint, made them tame & milde

These princely men, these worthies thre
Whose knightly force, for to preferre
Poetes do sayne, a singularitee
For their manhode, and strength in warre
Should be transformed, into a starre
As it wer, by a deuine grace
In the Cristall sky, to take their place.

To bring you, from all ambiguitie
Unto the truth, of this succession
By a dissent, and a genealogie
Without any vain, ostentacion
I purpose with an honest emulation
Here to conclude, who so list to loke
Set together, at the ende of my booke.

But yet because, I haue expressed
As here tofore, somewhat at large
Our old abuses, newly redressed
Perchance ye will ley, theim to my charge
Saying

Of the Brutes.

Saying therein, ye haue aduantage
So that we cannot, the thyng deny
But with the Propheete, to saie peccant.

We do confesse, our simplicitie
Like as it was, in tyme of Israell
To liue with milke, yerbes and hony
For greate excesse, we take no trauell
Neither for pompe, or riche apparell
We Melchemen plaine, that do deny
Whiche is oft, muche vsed in Italie.

But as Dauid, with grace replete
In tyme of Saull, the famous kyng
Disdained not, his shepe to kepe
About the feldes, them pastoryng
Likewise do we, our selves conferryng
Disdaine not, herdmen to be
Whiche is aparte, of our ciuillite.

We vse no figges, in pees wtage or meat
Which in Italy, is oft frequented
Without suspecte, together we eate
No poysons with vs, is there inuented
And ye again, contrary incensed
With poyson strong, this is insubstance
The greater estate, the lesse of assurance.

Withdrawe your pen, Master Polidorus
Your vain repozte, and flyng fantasie
Your termes grosse, and matter slanderus
No more in this, to amplify
But what maie stande, with honesty

A Chronicle

Wordes of defame, ye make well thinke
Men will requite, euen to the pittes bynke

Therin to make, a degression
After the mynde, of Iosephus
In the yeres, and computacion
Betwene noble Bute, and Romulus
And of their citces, stately and sumptuous
Which of the twaine, should other surmount
Of antiquitee, their yeres to accompt.

Also their stocke, birthe, and their lyne
As Eusebius, and also saint Bede
Plainly doth define and determyne
Bute to bee, mooste auncient in dede
Foure hundred and twenty yeres as I rede
So that London, was a citce of fame
When Rome, nor Romulus beare no name.

Take by your stozies, and marke the well
When Bute began, his foundation
Ely was Judge, and prieste in Israell
Ferte insurging, after Samson
As holy scripture, maketh mencion
Whiche was before Christ, M.C. xii. yere
As in the stozies, more plainly doth apere

And thus Eusebius, also saint Bede
Affirmeth plain, in euery thyng
How Rome was made, the iiii. yere in dede
Of Aham that tyme, of Italy kyng
Whiche doth agre, the yeres accomptyng
That Londō before Rome, was raised first
Foure

Of the Brites.

Four hundred and twenty yeres full.

Also Galfridus, reherſeth plain
How many kynges, ſucceſſiuelly
One after other, here did remain
Of one diſſent, lyne and progeny
Fully an hundred, as he doth ſpecifie
Recon from Brite, doune to Cadwaladrie
And thus of the kynges, was the hole numbꝛe.

From Cadwalader, the yere accomptyng
As diuerſe auctours, doth ſpecify
Untill this tyme, doune diſſendynge
Till our moſte noble, theight kyng Henry
Of theſame ſtocke, lyne and progeny
As by diſſent, the yeres doth appere
Fully eight hundred fiftye and eight yere.

Then to accompt, the yeres & the numbꝛe
Sithen Brite, toke his firſt poſſeſſion
Equally deuide, them aſunder
Recoꝝdꝛyng to the computation
And ye ſhall finde, by plain diſcription
Two thouſand ſix hundred. lxxvi. yeres plain
Sithen Brite began, the yere of his reigne

Thus foꝝ yeres, tyme and continuaunce
Foꝝ bloud, birth, and high parentage
Foꝝ nobilitie, and mightie puiſſaunce
Foꝝ vigoure, ſtrength, and manfull corage
Let vs compare, with Rome and Cartage
With all other, notable citees
Foꝝ our renoumed, olde antiquitees.

e. llii. What

A Chronicle

What should I more, of this repoze
 Sithe stories olde, doth it renewe
 Whose list therto, hymself recozte
 As I haue saied, shall finde it trewe
 Set out at large, as it is dewe
 Honor reuerence, with all other thynges
 As doth appertayne, to worthy kynges.

¶ Wherefoze let vs, Integratly intende
Our moſte famous kyng, foꝛ to aduance
Like his deſertes, his grace to commende
In his high and mightie gouernance
Bleſſed are we, happy his our chance
To be bozne vnder, ſo noble a kyng
To ſe his grace, ouer vs reignyng.

¶ Whiche hath prouided, for our redresse
 Neuer none like, before this daie
 Let vs in Wales, the truth confesse
 And for his grace, moste hertely praise
 Long to continewe, God graunt he maie
 With rest and peace, emongest vs here
 Haue our Quene, our prince, & his daughter
 (here.

The Autour.

Consideryng, fortunes mutabilitie

C Now by now done, as þ̄ whele goth a
To day a prince, of muchē nobilitē (bout
To morowe in dāger, itādyng in great doute
This hath happened, the worlde throughout
Well moſte none, of the firſt bloud and lyne
In any region, reigneth at this tyme.

Emong

Of the Brutes.

Among all princes, of excellence
For length of tyme, bloud and progeny
Let vs preferre, the highe magnificence
Of our moste royall, theight kyng Henry
Whiche at this houre, by grace of the deety
Possesseth the same, kyngdome and powre
Like as did Brute, his first progenitoure.

Though dole fortune, in tyme long past
His noble bloud, for to incumbre
Her traiterous trapnes, a brade did cast
With foren kynges, to kepe them vnder
In diuerse places, sente in an numbre
Yet God would not, of his deuine grace
The Trojans bloud, should lose their place.

As shall appere, by this dissente
Briefely set out, this present tyme
By auctours good, famous and excellent
As Rozes olde, doth determine
Though for a tyme, thei wer in ruine
Not possessyng their inheritance
God of his might, hath now made assuraunce

But sithe it wer, all so tedious
Their auncient names, for to prescribe
It will be bylese, and compendious
By numbre, to accompt this tribe
All foren kynges, for to deuide
Onely a fewe of the Brutes to name
As thei wer worthy, of laude and fame.

FINIS.

A Genealogie of the Brutes.

Diodorus Secus
lus, Berosus the
Caldy in the .v.
booke of his anti
quities, Busebius
Tibule, and Boc
cas affirmeth Os
iris, was called
Sirapis the God
in Egypte.

Osiris
the firste kynge
of Egypt, in Genesis
called Misraem Also
kynge of Italie.

Hercules sonne of

Osiris

Samuel Iherom
in the .x. of Gene
sis, Diodorus Bi
rosus, affirmeth
this Hercules to
do the .xii. nota
ble labours. And
not Hercules Al
cides whiche the
Greekes affir
meth to be their
Champion.

Labus or
Libus called grea
Hercules kynge of E
gypte, Italie, Almayne,
Phenice, Phrygie, Af
ricke, Argis, Grece, Af
ricke, Gall Bel
like and Tus
can.

Tuscus the
sonne of Hercules
Kynge of Italie.

Atheus
the sonne of
Euseus kyng
of Italy.

Blascon
the sonne of A-
theus kyng of
Italye.

Comblas
blasco the sone of
Blascon kyng
of Italye.

Euseus
kyng of
Italy.

Arimonia the
third brother.

Biosus
in his. v.
boke of
antiqui-
ties. Itho
de Witer
by com-
metatoz

of Bios
r^e, saith
he had. 3
sonnes,
Euseus,
Darda-
nus & Ar-
monia.

Eusebius
saith that
Dardan^y
began too
reigne, the
yere of the
worlde. iiii.

Dardanus
the secōd sonne
of Lōbloblascon
kyng of Dardine
in Phrygie.

thousande
seuen hun
dred. xxiii.
the age of
Moses. i.
hundred
and. xliii.

Loke in
Diodorus
seculus the

Eriotonius
the sōne of Dar
dayne the second
kyng of Dar
dayne.

fifte boke
for Eriec
tonius.

Diodorus
writeth ex
pressely þ
Troie, e
xiled Can
talus out
of hyghe
Phrygee,

Troos þ sōne
of Erydonys,
changed the name
of Dardaine and
called it Troy.

beyng hig
there. Eli⁹
Assaracus
& Ganimi
des, sōnes
of Trois.

The yong
sonne Gani
mides, whiche
Cantalus be
trayed.

Ilion sonne
of Trois kyng
of Troie.

Laomedon
sonne of Ilion
kyng of Troy.

Priamus
the sonne of
Laomedon the
laste kyng.

Hector
the va:
liant the
sonne of
priamus

Antaracus
the seconde
soonne of
Troy.

Lapis the
soonne of An:
taracus a Prince
of Troy.

Anchises the
sonne of Lapis
a prince of Troy.

Booke in
Saint Au
sten the
twentye
Chapter

Aeneas the
sonne of Anchises
king of Italy.

of the Ser
uentene
booke of
the Citee
of God.

Booke in
and Sa
king of

Ascanius the
sonne of Eneas
and of Cheula dou
ghter of Priamus
king of Troy.

Eusebius
bellicus.

Italy.

king of

Aulus
brother of As
canius sonne of
Eneas, and of
Lavinia.

Italy.

Brute of
the noble
blond of
Troye
loke i Fas
sciculus
Temporū

Brute the
firite kyng of
Britayne sonne
of Silurus Pos
thumus.

Alira Chri
sti when
Heli was
prieſte in
Iſraell &
alſo loke
Galfride.

Lambre
Prince of
Wales.

Albanactus
of Scotland.

Clotrynus
the ſonne of Brute
the ſeconde kyng
of Britayne.

Between Lo
Bellinus were

trinus and
xviii kynges.

Belinus w
helpe of his
brother B
overcame p

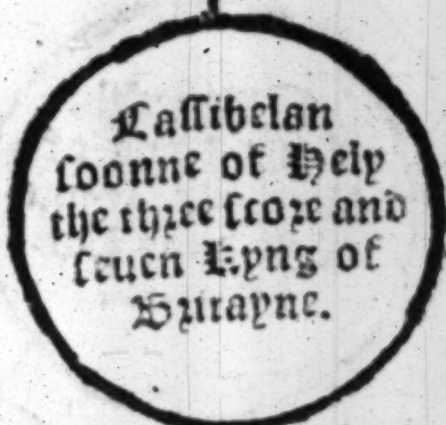
Belinus
the ſonne of
Dontwallo the
twentie and one
kyng of Bri
taine.

Romēs
loke in
Aſſin p
xx. boke

Between
Belin⁹ and
Lambelan

were
xvi. ky
ges.

In Cassi-
belas time
Julius Ce-
sar came

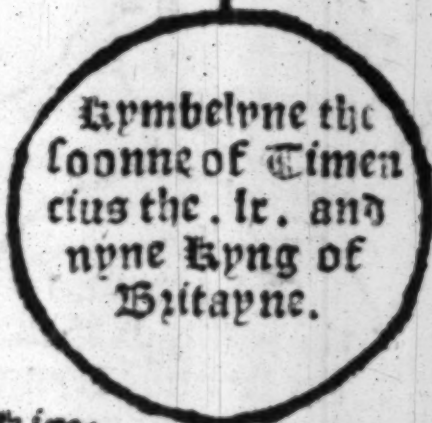


into this
lande with
his Ro-
mayns.

Next Cas-
sibelanus

sibelan was
kyng.

In Kym-
belins time
I E S V S
CHRIST



was boyn
of the glo-
rious vir-
gin Mary

Betweene Kim-
cius was foure

belyn and Lus-
kynges.

Lucius
was the
first Chri-
sten kyng
in the yere
of our lord



an hundreth
fiftye and
foue yere.
Looke in
Gyldas.

Emperoure
of Rome
Monarche
and p[re]s[ent]

Constantine the
great sonne of S.
Helin, the iiii. score
kyng of Bri-
tayne.

dente of e-
very region
of Christes
dome.

Betwene Constan-
and Constantyne
kynges in

the Emperour
the thirde, was four
Britayne.

This Con-
stantine
driue oute
of Britany
the Scotts
Danes,
Norweges

Constantine th
thirde of that name
the lxxxi. kyng of
Britayne.

Pides, and
huncs with
the Ro-
mains, whi-
che fore op-
pressed Bry-
tayne.

Betwene Constan-
Arthure, was but
tayne.

the thirde and
four kynges in Bri-

Of Arthure
the greate
loke in Fas-
sciculus Tes-
porum in Li-
nea Christi

Arthure the grea-
t in the yere of our
lord. LXX. lxx
was y lxxxi. kyng
of Britayne.

iiii. hundred
lxxxi. in Pos-
licronicon
xxiii. Chap-
ter, and in
Galfride,

Betwene
Arthure and
Cadwalla-

der was. ix.
kynges in
Britayne.

Loke in Fas-
bian whych
affirmeth he
flew Lotha-
ri⁹, his bro-
ther Edy-
cus, and A-

Cadwallader the
hunderde kyng of
Britayne, and the
last kyng of Bry-
tayne.

thelwolde,
three of the
Saxons
kiges: Loke
also of Gal-
fridus.

The mortal plagues
and scarfnes of vi-
wallader to Rome.

infectiō of pestilence
ctaylles draue Cad-

Idwall
came into
Wales by
commande:
mēt of Cad-
walader to
defende the
Brytons a-

Idwall sonne of
Cadwallader, prince
of Rothe Wa-
les.

gaynste the
Saxōs. Of
this Idwal
Walshmen
had their
name.

Betwene Idwal
was there eyght

7 Tewdwr Ma-
wre princes successiuelly

This price
chased the
Saxons,
Danes and
Pictes, frō

Tewdwr Ma-
wre the great Prynce of
Wales, was the ten
the Prynce.

the borders
of Wales
with all o-
ther forcy-
nemyes.

Betwene
Tewdwr
Maure and
Edmonde
Earle of
Richmond

wer of liues
all discent-
fully. xi. be-
twene Cad-
wallader and
Edmōd, xxi

This fam^e
Edmond of
the veraye
true lyne of
Cadwala-
der dyrectly
halfbrother
to hig Hen-
ry. vi. whose

Edmond Ear-
le of Richemonde
sonne of Owen
and Quene
Katherine.

mother was
doughter to
the French
Kynge and
wyfe to the
famous
Kynge Hen-
ry the fifth.

This noble
Kynge was
called the

Henry the seventh
sonne of Edmond
Earle of Rich-
mond.

second Sas-
lomon.

Henry the
eyght moſte
chriſtē king,
King of En-
glād, Frañce
and Ire-
land, and of

Henry the eyght
sonne of Henry
the seventh

the Church
of England
and Ire-
lād, the first
ſupreme
Heade,

Edwarde the
ſixt ſonne of Hen-
ry the eight whom
God preſerue.

These Tuctours olde, with one accorde
This famous line, cōueigheth freight
To our most dread, Soueraigne Lord
By the grace of God, Henry the eyght.
To Edward our prync, our tresurs of weight
Whom God aboue, their enemies represse
Send them long life, with plenteous successe.

FINIS.

**Printed at Lon-
dō in the parische of Chri-
stes Church within new
gate by Richard Graf-
ton, Prynter to
our soueraigne
lorde Kyng
Edward
the. vi.**

1547.

*Cum priuilegio ad impri-
mendū solum.*



